

Mutiny

by Veno

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Summary: Spartan 189 has decided to fight against humanity. Whatever his reason, it's up to the other Spartans to stop him. But how many will it take to kill the one they call the next Master Chief? Why is he rebelling in the first place?

Mutiny

Disclaimer: There is someone that can say "I own Halo." That person is not me. So that means don't sue. All you'll get is a broken cardboard box.

Note to Reader:

I would like to thank those of you who have already reviewed and apologize for the issues that were in the original version. I've renamed Spartan 189 to Zulu. I did not mean any offense to RC or the character or the readers. Sorry for the all too obvious rip and will not let it happen anymore. Thank you for your input and I will update soon. Nowâ€¦ on with the fic.

Spartan 189 took a deep breath as he steadied the rifle in his hands. Looking down the scope of the sniper rifle, Zulu carefully put the crosshairs over his target. His finger rested on the trigger and a spike of ice cold fear drove itself into the Spartan's stomach. There would be going no going back once he pulled the trigger. It would be his death just as surely as it would be his target's. Driving the uncertainty from his mind, Zulu focused on his target. With the crosshairs held firmly over the head of his commander Spartan 117, he pulled the trigger.

Master Chief, Spartan number one one seven, the one who they said could never die, the one the Covenant called Demon, the one even the mightiest Sangheili feared, the one who had conquered everything he'd ever been faced with, fell into a lifeless heap. His battle helmet was torn open and the blood quickly pooled.

Immediately the 8 man squad of Spartans that had been with the Master Chief turned around and aimed their weapons at the source. It was not only the vapor trail that gave his position away, but the fact that he'd had to tell the rest of the unit where he would be as the group's sniper.

He didn't let the fact that his position wasn't a secret stop him. As soon as he had recovered after the first shot Fixer had aquired his next target. Spartan 265, Tyr, was the best pilot among them and could do things with any vehicle that no one else could even dream up. Also the jokester of the group, she was always smiling and never let the morale of the group fall. Another shot rang out and the image of Tyr's smiling face flashed through Zulu's mind.

'Just the muzzle flash' he thought as he shifted targets once more.

By now the team had realized that his first killing wasn't some freak accident and their BR55 battle rifles let loose a hail of 7.62mm rounds at his position. With bullets destroying the tree around and underneath him and causing his shields to flare, Spartan 189 steadied his aim.

Spartan 360 was Pyro, a demolitions specialist who also had a knack for carrying too many grenades on him. Like Tyr he was a joker, but the difference was he pulled pranks and pissed everyone off. Which was what made him next in line. Making sure to make his trigger squeeze gentle so as not to throw off his aim, Spartan 189 fired again. Pyro's body went limp as the large caliber round tore a chunk out of his head.

Another round pinged off Zulu's shields, shorting them out and leaving him very vulnerable. He settled his aim again. This time not on a Spartan, but on one of the grenades that Pyro kept attached to a bandolier on the outside of his armor.

Zulu fired off the last round in the magazine of his sniper rifle and watched as the four grenades attached to Pyro's body all went off at once. The remainder of the squad was knocked to the ground by the concussive force of the explosion and Zulu was nearly thrown from his perch in the tree.

Throwing his spent clip away, he jumped down to the forest floor and slipped a new one into his sniper rifle before holstering the weapon on his back. Once he'd secured his sniper rifle, Zulu retrieved the battle rifle he'd prepared from the dense foliage at the base of the tree. Making sure the M6C pistol at his side was loaded and ready, the rebellious Spartan prepared to execute the second half of his plan.

End
file.